



CHAPTER I.

A Knock at the Door. Fran knocked at the front door. It was too dark for her to find the bell; however, had she found it, she would have knocked just the same.

At first, no one answered. That was not surprising, since everybody was supposed to be at the Union Camp-meeting that had been advertised for the last two months, and that any one in Littleburg should go visiting at half-past eight, and especially that any one should come knocking at the door of this particular house, was almost incredible.

No doubt that is why the young woman who finally opened the door—after Fran had subjected it to a second and more prolonged visitation of her small fist—looked at the stranger with surprise which was, in itself, proof. The lady in the doorway believed herself confronted by a "camp-tr" —one of those fitting birds of outer darkness who have no religion of their own, but who are always putting that of others to the proof.

The voice from the doorway was cool, impersonal, as if, by its very aloofness, it would push the wanderer away: "What do you want?"

"I want Hamilton Gregory," Fran answered promptly, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "I'm told he lives here."

"Mr. Gregory?"—offering the name with its title as a palpable rebuke—"lives here, but is not at home. What do you want, little girl?"

"Where is he?" Fran asked, undaunted.

"He is at the camp-meeting," the young woman answered reluctantly, irritated at opposition, and displeased with herself for being irritated. "What do you want with him? I will attend to whatever it is. I am acquainted with all of his affairs—I am his secretary."

"Where's that camp-meeting? How can I find the place?" was Fran's quick rejoinder. She could not explain the dislike rising within her. She was too young, herself, to consider the other's youth an advantage, but the beauty of the imperious woman in the doorway—why did it not stir her imagination?

Mr. Gregory's secretary, reflected that, despite its seeming improbability, it might be important for him to see this queer creature who came to strange doors at night-time.

"If you will go straight down that road"—she pointed—"and keep on for about a mile and a half, you will come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory will be in the tent, leading the choir." "All right." And turning her back on the door, Fran swiftly gained the front steps. Half-way down, she paused, and glanced over her thin shoulder. Standing thus, nothing was to be seen of her but a blurred outline, and the shining of her eyes.



"I Guess," Said Fran Inscrutably, "You're Not Mrs. Gregory."

"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory."

"No," came the answer, with an almost imperceptible change of manner—a change as of gradual petrification. "I am not Mrs. Gregory." And with that the lady, who was not Mrs. Gregory, quietly but firmly closed the door.

It was as if, with the closing of that door, she would have shut Fran out of her life.

### SMALL VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE

According to Legal Decisions Few Men Need Have High Opinion of Themselves.

That "human life is cheap" would appear from a study undertaken by a well known lawyer of the legal decisions handed down in this country with reference to the "cash value" of a man.

It is estimated that at ten years of age a boy of the laboring class is worth \$2,061.42; at fifteen, \$4,262.46; at twenty-five, \$5,458.03, from which time the decline is steady, a man of seventy, by this legal decision scale, rating at only \$17.12! By the same practical method of computation one eye is worth \$5,000; one leg, \$15,000; two legs, \$25,000; one arm, \$10,000; one hand, \$6,000; one finger, \$1,500, and permanent disability, \$25,000. This, it is pointed out, is merely an average as far as decisions have been examined.

It should be added that the estimates of the value of a man's life are based upon an idea not of his value to himself, but of his value to



CHAPTER II.

A Disturbing Laugh. The sermon was ended, the exhortation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnestness. A number of men, most of them young, thronged the footpath leading from the stables to the tent. A few were smoking; all were waiting for the pretty girls to come forth from the Christian camp. Fran pushed her way among the idlers with admirable nonchalance, her sharp elbow ready for the first resistive pair of ribs.

The crowd outside did not argue a scarcity of seats under the canvas. Fran found a plank without a back, loosely disposed, and entirely uncoupled. She seated herself, straight as an Indian, and with the air of being very much at ease.

The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a natural declivity, looked down upon the platform of undressed pine. In front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bathed in tears; some were praying aloud; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were clasping convulsive hands; all were oblivious of surroundings.

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him from the singers who crowded the platform, not only by his baton which proclaimed the choir-leader, but by his resemblance to the picture she had discovered in a New York Sunday Supplement.

Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaved except for a silken reddish mustache; his complexion was fair, his hair a shade between red and brown, his eyes blue. His finely marked face and striking bearing were stamped with distinction and grace.

It was strange to Fran that he did not once glance in her direction. True, there was nothing in her appearance to excite special attention, but she had looked forward to meeting him ever since she could remember. Now that her eyes were fastened on his face, now that they were so near, sheltered by a common roof, how could he help feeling her presence?

The choir-leader rose and lifted his baton. At his back the hundred men and women obeyed the signal, while hymn-books fluttered open throughout the congregation. Suddenly the leader of the choir started into galvanic life. He led the song with his sweet voice, his swaying body, his frantic baton, his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge upon the ramparts of sin and indifference. If in repose Fran had thought him singularly handsome and attractive, she now found him inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magic voice seemed to thrill with more than human ecstasy.

On the left, the heavy bass was singing, "One thing we know, wherever we go, we reap what we sow. We reap what we sow."

While these words were being doled out at long and impressive intervals, like the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were hastily getting in their requisite number of half-notes, thus—

"So scatter little, scatter little, scatter scatter little, scatter little, scatter little, scatter little, scatter little, scatter little."

In spite of the vast volume of sound produced by these voices, as well as by the accompaniment of two pianos and a snare-drum, the voice of Hamilton Gregory, soaring flute-like toward heaven, seemed to dart through the interstices of "rests," to thread its slender way along infinitesimal curves of silence. As one listened, it was the inspired truth as uttered by Hamilton Gregory that brought the message home to conscience. As if one had never before been told that one reaps what one sows, uneasy memory started out of

the community. The figures in individual cases would vary greatly with reference to the fact whether or not the person's death caused hardship to others who were dependent upon him.

The value of a man to himself is, it is further pointed out, unimportant after he is dead—from a legal point of view. His value to society at large cannot be considered in a cash estimate, since that kind of value depends upon other than physical resources. His value to those who look to him for support can alone be estimated on the material side.

Gallo-Roman Villa Unearthed. A Gallo-Roman villa has been unearthed in Paris in connection with the works for the underground railway near the Luxembourg. Traces of Roman remains are being discovered in Paris more numerous every year, and the remains of the villa just discovered might, we are told, rival those of some of the finest brought to light in Pompeii. It is not the first time that this villa is spoken of, as parts of the walls and atrium were

uncovered years ago, when the works were in progress for the Luxembourg station, but now the entire villa has been laid bare, and it is found to have consisted of twenty rooms, with a large atrium and a piscina. It faced in the direction of the Rue Gay Lussac and the boulevard Saint Michel, and according to all appearances it was the most sumptuous private residence built in Paris during the Gallo-Roman period—Paris correspondence London Telegraph.

Anti-Swear Gong. "Please do not swear when the bell rings. That is the signal a lady is buying something out front." This is the sign that is stuck up in the big poolroom of a Virginia town, where the young men are inclined to cuss when they miss an easy side-pocket shot or "scratch" on an easy play. In front of the poolroom is a magazine and stationery stand, and the owner found the only way to keep both his pool trade and magazine customers was to stop the boys from swearing when women were near. The gong does it.

Place for Dangerous Drugs. Household Should Have Some Kind of Cupboard Where They May Be Kept in Safety. Almost every medical man has experience of some lotion intended for outward application being taken by mistake, and such accidents will go on happening until the general public does something for its own protection. The druggist may label his bottles ever so carefully, but to a child the label conveys no meaning, and if the bottle be left within his reach no one can be surprised if an accident happens. Every house should contain a small, safe cupboard out of reach of children where bottles may be kept, for many medicines which are perfectly harmless if taken as prescribed by the person for whom they are intended would bring about serious results if the bottle were emptied at one draught. People do not realize what great precautions are taken by dispensers at large hospitals who have the re-

# FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS (COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

weather-stained canvas rolled the warning, not unmusically: "We reap what we sow. We reap what we sow."

Above the tide of melody, the voice of the evangelist rose in a scream, appalling in its agony—"Oh, men and women, why will you die, why will you die?"

The stars, looking down at the silent earth, spoke not of death, spoke only as stars, seeming to say, "Here are April days, dear old earth, balmy springtime and summer harvest before us!—What merry nights we shall pass together!" The earth answered with a sudden white smile, for the moon had just risen above the distant woods.

At the stile where the footpath from the tent ended, Abbott paused. Why should he go further? This scotcher, the one false note in the meeting's harmony, had been silenced. "There," he said, showing the road. His tone was final. It meant, "Depart."

Fran spoke in a choking voice. "I'm afraid." It was not until then, that he knew she had been crying, for not once had he looked back. That she should cry, changed everything. "I am so little," Fran said plaintively, "and the world is so large."

Abbott stood irresolute. To take Fran back to the tent would destroy the influence, but it seemed inhuman to send her away. He temporized rather weakly, "But you came here alone."

"But I'm not going away alone," said Fran. Her voice was still damp, but she had kept her resolution dry. In the gloom, he vainly sought to discern her features. "Whose little girl are you?" he asked, not without an accent of gentle commiseration.

Fran, one foot on the first step of the stile, looked up at him; the sudden flare of a torch revealed the sorrow in her eyes. "I am nobody's little girl," she answered plaintively.

Her eyes were so large, and so soft and dark, that Abbott was glad she was only a child of fourteen—or fifteen, perhaps. Her face was so strangely eloquent in its yearning for something quite beyond his comprehension, that he decided, then and there, to be her friend. The unsteady light prevented definite perception of her face. There was, in truth, an element of charm in all he could discern of the girl. Possibly the big hat helped to conceal or accentuate—at any rate, the effect was somewhat elfish. As for those great and lustrous black eyes, he could not for the life of him have said what he saw in

### CHAPTER III.

On the Foot-Bridge. To the young usher, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eyes were still full of the light from gasoline-burners, his ears still rang with the confusion of tent-noise into which entered the prolonged monotonous of inarticulate groanings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irreverent Amens.

Nothing just then mattered except the saving of souls. Having faithfully attended the camp-meeting for three weeks he found other interests blotted out. The village as a whole had given itself over to religious ecstasy. Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evangelist's feet.

As Abbott Ashton reflected that, because of this young girl with the mocking laugh, he was losing the climactic expression of the three-weeks' campaign, his displeasure grew. Within him was an undefined thought, vibration akin to surprise, caused by the serenity of the hushed sky. Was it not incongruous that the heavens should be so peaceful with their quiet star-beacons, while man was exerting himself to the utmost of gesture and noise to glorify the Maker of that calm canopy? From the

them to set his blood tingling with a feeling of protecting tenderness. Possibly it was her trust in him, for as he gazed into the earnest eyes of Fran, it was like looking into a clear pool to see oneself.

"Nobody's little girl!" he repeated, inexpressibly touched that it should be so. What a treasure somebody was denied! "Are you a stranger in the town?"

"Never been here before," Fran answered mournfully.

"But why did you come?"

"I came to find Hamilton Gregory."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



CHAPTER III.

responsibility of dealing continually with many powerful drugs. In most cases all poisons are kept in a special cupboard, so arranged that an electric bell rings loudly as soon as the door is opened, summoning immediately a "checker," without whose presence no dangerous drug can be taken out.

These precautions, valuable as they undoubtedly are, must be supplemented in the patient's home; it is there for the most part that the accident takes place.

He meant a Wee Nap, Not a Wee Nip. After Charles Myers, a Mason (Mo.) barber, had finished up the stranger he raised the chair, and his customers head fell over to one side. The barber straightened him up and shook him a little.

"You were asleep," said Charley. "So I was—so I was," agreed the gentleman in the chair. "Well, you'll have to come 'round to my place and take one on me."

"I don't drink," returned Charley. "Neither do I. I'm the new preacher at the First Street church."—New York World.

LEWIS' Single Binder cigar gives you the rich natural quality of good tobacco. Adv.

Some men show good judgment by showing a lack of self-confidence.

SOLEY KIDNEY PILLS RICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Best class of chemical, convenient, cheap. Kills all season. Made of natural, antiseptic ingredients, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or direct express paid for \$1.00. Write for sample.

ECZEMA and all diseases of the skin. CLIMAX. Send for FREE TRIAL. F. HAZEL GREENE CO., West Park, Berkeley, Calif.

WATERBURY PATENTS. Waterbury Patents, Wash. D.C. Send for FREE TRIAL. Waterbury Patents, Wash. D.C. Send for FREE TRIAL.

Alex. G. Buchanan & Son are always fighting for the Live Stock Shipper's Interest GET IN TOUCH WITH THEM

WOMAN COULD NOT WALK She Was So Ill—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Pentwater, Mich.—"A year ago I was very weak and the doctor said I had a serious displacement. I had backache and bearing down pains so bad that I could not sit in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. ALICE DARLING, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.

Read What Another Woman Says. Peoria, Ill.—"I had such backaches that I could hardly stand on my feet. I would feel like crying out lots of times, and had such a heavy feeling in my right side. I had such terrible dull headaches every day and they would make me feel so drowsy and sleepy all the time, yet I could not sleep at night. "After I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a week I began to improve. My backache was less and that heavy feeling in my side went away. I continued to take the Compound and am cured. "You may publish this if you wish."—Miss CLARA L. GAUWITZ, R. R. No. 4, Box 62, Peoria, Ill.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature. S. Wood.

RENOVO PREVENTIVE CORE MAKER OF HEALTHY HOGS. BROADWELL-ROBERTS CO. South Omaha, Nebraska. Manufactured and guaranteed under the U. S. Food & Drug Act of June 30, 1906. Write for descriptive matter and free booklet "Something About Hogs."

The Effects of Opiates. THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable. The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics. Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Nebraska Directory BOILER REPAIRS Expert boiler makers sent anywhere—anytime. WILSON STEAM BOILER CO., Omaha. DEFIANCE STARCH is constantly growing in favor because it does not stick to the iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska. Try Us—It Will Pay You. Consign your stock to us for good prices, good fills and prompt remittance. Write or wire us for our detailed information regarding the market. All our quotations are accurate promptly. We are working for your interest and appreciate your business. N. E. ACKER & CO., Live Stock Commission. Room 110-112 Exchange Bldg., Stock Yards, Omaha, Neb.